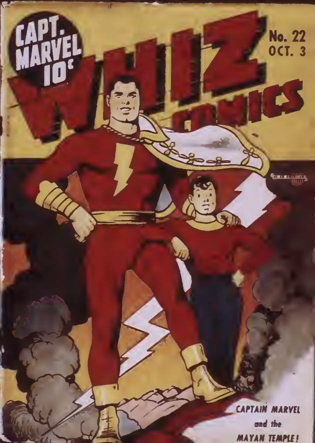

CAPT. MARVEL
10¢
WHIZ COMICS
No. 22
OCT. 3
CAPTAIN MARVEL and the MAYAN TEMPLE!

WHIZ COMICS' TRADING POST

NOTE: *If you are interested in any of these articles offered for trade, WRITE DIRECT to the boy or girl whose name and address appear in the Swap Notice. PLEASE DO NOT SEND your letter to WHIZ COMICS.*

Will trade track shoes size 3½, and Keystone 16 m.m. movie projector both in good condition, for whatever pleases me Write to Robert Ebering, Manor Ave., Sparrows Pt., Maryland.

Will trade a playable banjo, a checker set and a trumpet, all in good condition, for one good sweet toned ocarina. Write to George Gordon, 381 North Ave., Girard, O

Will trade well toned ocarina and camera for pair of ice skates size 3 Write to Joseph Miskowsky, 5 Sharp St., New Castle, Pa

Will trade U S regulation bugle, Daisy No. 16 B-B gun and a good ukulele for what have you" Write to Thomas Way, Box 864, Burlington, N C

Will trade chemist set for a small pair of opera glasses. Write to Allen S. Hodgecock, Jr., 98 Osgood Ave., Stapleton, S. I., N Y

Will trade light and horn for boy's bicycle for a 22 rifle or what have you" Write to Thayer Rossberry, 84 Richland Ave., Wheeling, Warwood, West Va

Will trade a genuine radio voice tester for books on card tricks or magic. Write to Alfred F Duff, 237 E. 204th St., Bronx, N Y

Will trade Swiftset rotary printing press, with extra equipment, all in good condition (valued at $4.30) for good Daisy air rifle Write to George Cagney, 6845 Newgard Ave., Chicago, Ill

Will trade a hunting knife and sheath for a complete monopoly game. Write to Russell McKichan, Bonilla, S. Dakota.

Will trade a good football for a crystal set Write to Teddy Madyniak, 7 John St., Carteret, N J

Will trade level winding fishing reel for good hunting knife and sheath. Write to George Birkedahl, 18 Cherry Rd., Rochester, New York

Will trade movie machine for wrist watch or what have you" Write to Henry Wozniak, 4345 Fraser St., Detroit, Mich.

Will trade good books, Wash Tubbs, Inspector Wade, Brick Bradford and G-Men on the Trail, for a good canteen or any useful article. Write to Bill Crawford, Box 66, Foswell, Texas.

Will trade Lionel electric trains with 16 tracks, 1 cross track, streamline engine, pullman and observation car for 28" bicycle, camera or developing set. Write to Ted Kremsky, 976—47th St., Brooklyn, N Y

Will trade big little books for gun and holster set or what have you" Write to Jimmy Hall, R.F.D No 1, Box 25A, Norton, Va

Will trade 250 shot carbine air rifle for a gasoline motor in fair condition, at least 1 or 1½ horse-power for gasoline powered bike or scooter Write to F Everett Dyer Jr., 9 Blackwood St. Boston, Mass

Will trade shoe ice skates size 4 for chemistry set. Write to John Stoneham, 23-06—41st St., Long Island City N Y

Will trade Postal Telegraph set for 300 United States and foreign stamps. Write to Harold Decker, 220 Meyer Ave., New Castle, Pa.

Will trade electric train with four coaches and track for an electric picture machine 16 m.m. or a 3½ chemistry set with all parts Write to Dickie Rutkoskey 320 Sunnie Side, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Will trade printing press for roller skates. Write to Jordan Solomon 9 Charlotte St., Dorchester Mass

Will trade three books and a sail boat model 21" long for a scout knife or anything you have Write to Andy Burnett, Box 24, Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida

Will trade Dick Tracy card game in good condition for what have you" Write to David Grossman, 2000 East 13th St., Brooklyn, N Y

Will trade camera valued at $6.50 for magic set. Write to Sonny Clark, 1347 Harbert, Memphis, Tenn.

Will trade Monopoly game for what have you" Write to J Butler 3010 Elizabeth, Chicago, Ill

Will trade Lindstrom projector complete with 3 films for anything of interest to me Write to Roger Lynch 1224 Bluff Ave., Ft. Smith, Ark.

Will trade a stamp book with stamps (300) for a microscope or any other article Write to Fred Eberant, 290 Polk St., River Rouge Mich.

Will trade 2 cell flashlight for 30 matchbook covers from anywhere outside of Wisconsin. Write to Art. E. Schoenemann 217 N Indiana St. Watertown, Wis

Will trade developing set complete, for telescope with equipment Write to William Remmke, 276 St. Ann's Ave., Bronx, N Y

Will trade baseball bat for monopoly game in good condition. Write to Jerome Perchesky 2116 Judson St., Los Angeles, Calif

Will trade a camera that takes post card size pictures with triple self timer for a suit of clothes any color Pants size 16 Write to Edward Bahoushian, 668 Cumberland St. Rumford, Maine

Will trade pair of boxing gloves for some useful article Write to Frank Schuyler 81 President St., Passaic, N J

Will trade Falcon Press-Flash camera with flash bulb for indoor pictures in exchange for a kodak camera. Write to Lawrence Furlan, Jr., 711 S 6th St. Steelton, Pa.

Will trade electric train including track and transformer for erector set with motor Write to John Carter 10621 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill

Will trade new pair of field glasses with case for a smooth shooting B-B pistol Write to Bernard Hanratty 438 North Robinson St., Baltimore Md

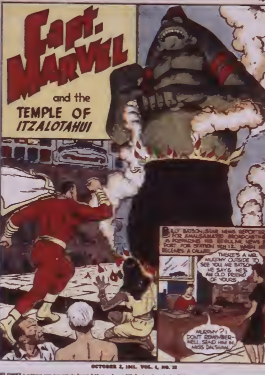
Will trade a candid camera in good condition for a movie projector Write to Leon Gray, Trout Run, Pa

Will trade a large stamp album for some foreign coins. Write to Al Krimosky 467 Delaware St., Jermyn, Pa.

P.S. If you have something to trade—and you're looking for someone to trade with—write out a Swap Notice (like those printed above) and send it to:

TRADING POST, WHIZ COMICS, 1501 Broadway, New York City

We'll print your Swap Notice in the first available issue of WHIZ COMICS—ABSOLUTELY FREE. All we ask is that you be completely honest in your Swap Notice and do not misrepresent any article offered for trade.


CAPT. MARVEL
and the
TEMPLE OF
ITZALOTAHUI
BILLY BATSON, STAR NEWS REPORTER FOR AMALGAMATED BROADCASTING, IS PREPARING HIS REGULAR NEWS REPORT FOR STATION WHIZ. WHEN HE RECEIVES A CALLER.
THERE'S A MR. MURPHY OUTSIDE TO SEE YOU MR BATSON. HE SAYS HE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS.
MURPHY? I DON'T REMEMBER- WELL, SEND HIM IN, MISS DALSHAW.

OCTOBER 3, 1941. VOL. 4, NO. 22

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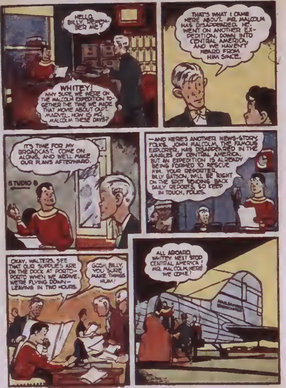
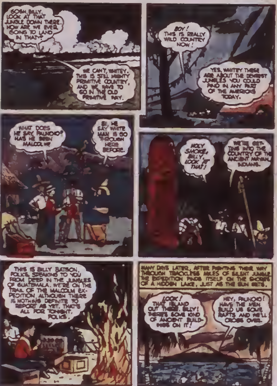
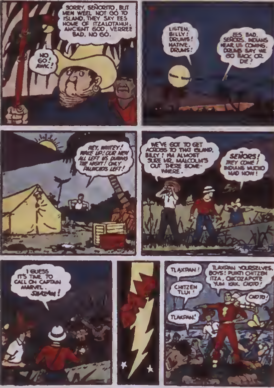
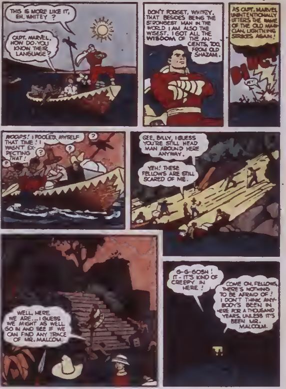
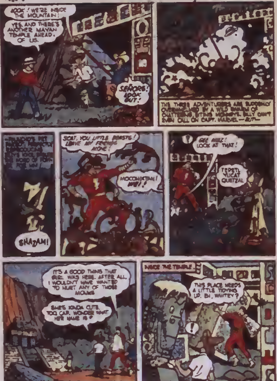
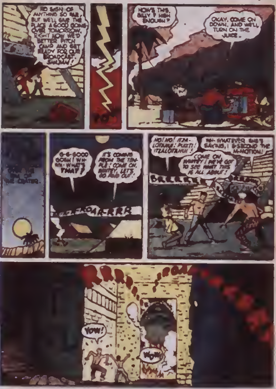

HELLO, BILLY, REMEMBER ME?
WHITEY! WHY SURE WE WERE ON THE MALCOLM EXPEDITION TOGETHER THE TIME WE MADE THAT MOVIE ABOUT CAPT. MARVEL. HOW IS MR. MALCOLM THESE DAYS?
THAT'S WHAT I CAME HERE ABOUT. MR. MALCOLM HAS DISAPPEARED. HE WENT ON ANOTHER EXPEDITION, DOWN INTO CENTRAL AMERICA, AND WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM SINCE.
IT'S TIME FOR MY BROADCAST. COME ON ALONG, AND WE'LL MAKE OUR PLANS AFTERWARD.
STUDIO B
—AND HERE'S ANOTHER NEWS-STORY, FOLKS. JOHN MALCOLM, THE FAMOUS EXPLORER, HAS DISAPPEARED IN THE JUNGLES OF CENTRAL AMERICA. BUT AN EXPEDITION IS ALREADY BEING FORMED TO RESCUE HIM. YOUR REPORTER, BILLY BATSON, WILL BE RIGHT ON THE SPOT SENDING BACK DAILY REPORTS, SO KEEP IN TOUCH, FOLKS.
OKAY, WALTERS, SEE THAT OUR SUPPLIES ARE ON THE DOCK AT PORTO-PORTO WHEN WE ARRIVE. WE'RE FLYING DOWN—LEAVING IN TWO HOURS.
GOSH, BILLY, YOU SURE MAKE THINGS HUM!
ALL ABOARD, WHITEY. NEXT STOP CENTRAL AMERICA! MR. MALCOLM, HERE WE COME!

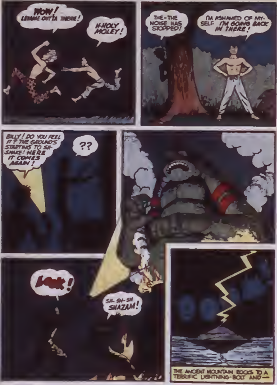

GOSH, BILLY, LOOK AT THAT JUNGLE DOWN THERE. HOW ARE WE EVER GOING TO LAND IN THAT?
WE CAN'T, WHITEY. THIS IS STILL MIGHTY PRIMITIVE COUNTRY, AND WE HAVE TO GO IN THE OLD PRIMITIVE WAY.
BOY! THIS IS REALLY WILD COUNTRY NOW!
YES, WHITEY THESE ARE ABOUT THE DENSEST JUNGLES YOU COULD FIND IN ANY PART OF THE AMERICAS TODAY.
WHAT DOES HE SAY, PALNOKO? HAS HE SEEN MALCOLM?
SI, HE SAY WHITE MAN IS GO THROUGH HERE BEFORE.
HOLY SMOKE, BILLY, LOOK AT THAT!
WE'RE GETTING INTO THE COUNTRY OF THE ANCIENT MAYAN INDIANS.
THIS IS BILLY BATSON, FOLKS, SPEAKING TO YOU FROM DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF GUATEMALA. WE'RE ON THE TRAIL OF THE MALCOLM EXPEDITION. ALTHOUGH THERE IS NOTHING DEFINITE TO REPORT AS YET. THAT'S ALL FOR TONIGHT, FOLKS.
MANY DAYS LATER, AFTER FIGHTING THEIR WAY THROUGH TRACKLESS MILES OF SILENT JUNGLE THE EXPEDITION FINDS ITSELF ON THE SHORES OF A HIDDEN LAKE, JUST AS THE SUN SETS.
LOOK! THAT ISLAND OUT THERE, BILLY! THERE'S SOME KIND OF ANCIENT BUILDINGS ON IT!
HEY, PALNOKO! HAVE THE MEN BUILD US SOME RAFTS AND WE'LL CROSS OVER.

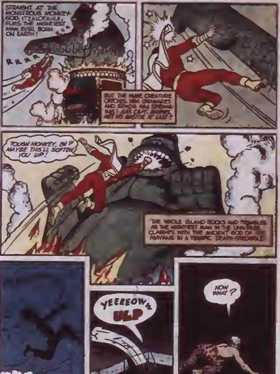

SORRY, SEÑORITO, BUT MEN WEEL NOT GO TO ISLAND. THEY SAY EES HOME OF ITZALOTAHUI. ANCIENT GOD, VERREE BAD. NO GO.
NO GO! AWK!
LISTEN, BILLY! DRUMS! NATIVE. DRUMS!
EES BAD, SEÑORS. INDIANS HEAR US COMING. DRUMS SAY WE GO BACK OR DIE!
HEY, WHITEY! WAKE UP! OUR MEN ALL LEFT US DURING THE NIGHT! ONLY PALENCIOS LEFT!
WE'VE GOT TO GET ACROSS TO THAT ISLAND, BILLY! I'M ALMOST SURE MR. MALCOLM'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE.
SEÑORS! THEY COME! INDIANS MUCHO MAD NOW!
I GUESS IT'S TIME TO CALL ON CAPTAIN MARVEL. SHAZAM!
TLAXPAN!
TLAXPAN YOURSELVES, BOYS! PUBETI CHITZEN ITZA, CHICOZAPOTE YUM KAX, CHOTO!
CHITZEN TLUI!
CHOTO!
TLAXPAN!

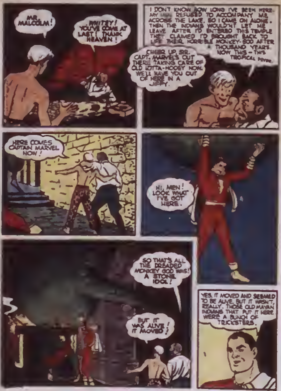

THIS IS MORE LIKE IT, EH, WHITEY ?
CAPT. MARVEL, HOW DO YOU KNOW THEIR LANGUAGE ?
DON'T FORGET, WHITEY, THAT BESIDES BEING THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD I AM ALSO THE WISEST. I GOT ALL THE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS, TOO, FROM OLD SHAZAM.
AS CAPT. MARVEL UNINTENTIONALLY UTTERS THE NAME OF THE OLD MAGICIAN, LIGHTNING STRIKES AGAIN !
WOOPS ! I FOOLED MYSELF THAT TIME ! I WASN'T EXPECTING THAT !
?
?
?
?
GEE, BILLY, I GUESS YOU'RE STILL HEAD MAN AROUND HERE ANYWAY.
YEH ! THESE FELLOWS ARE STILL SCARED OF ME.
WELL, HERE WE ARE... I GUESS WE MIGHT AS WELL GO IN AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND ANY TRACE OF MR. MALCOM.
G-G-GOSH ! IT - IT'S KIND OF CREEPY IN HERE !
COME ON, FELLOWS, THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF ! I DON'T THINK ANYBODY'S BEEN IN HERE FOR A THOUSAND YEARS, UNLESS IT'S BEEN MR. MALCOLM.

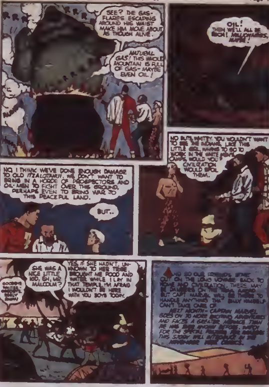

LOOK! WE'RE INSIDE THE MOUNTAIN!
YES, AND THERE'S ANOTHER MAYAN TEMPLE AHEAD OF US.
SEÑORS! LOOK OUT!
THE THREE ADVENTURERS ARE SUDDENLY OVERWHELMED BY A WILD SWARM OF CHATTERING, BITING MONKEYS. BILLY CAN'T EVEN CALL ON CAPT. MARVEL — BUT—
—PANCHO'S PET PARROT, PERFECTLY REPRODUCING BILLY'S VOICE, SPEAKS THE WORD OF POWER FOR HIM!
SHAZAM!
SCAT, YOU LITTLE BEASTS! LEAVE MY FRIENDS ALONE!
MOCOCHITAN! WE!
!
GEE WHIZ! LOOK AT THAT!
TEPETL YUCAT QUETZAL
IT'S A GOOD THING THAT GIRL WAS HERE. AFTER ALL, I WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED TO HURT ANY OF THOSE MONKS
SHE'S KINDA CUTE, TOO CAP. WONDER WHAT HER NAME IS?
INSIDE THE TEMPLE
THIS PLACE NEEDS A LITTLE TIDYING UP. EH, WHITEY?
!

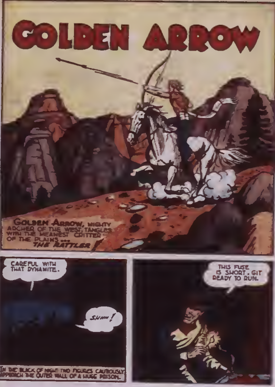

NO SIGN OF ANYTHING SO FAR, BUT WE'LL GIVE THE PLACE A GOOD GOING OVER TOMORROW. RIGHT NOW WE'D BETTER PITCH CAMP AND GET READY FOR OUR BROADCAST, SHAZAM!
HOW'S THIS, BILLY ? HIGH ENOUGH ?
OKAY. COME ON DOWN, AND WE'LL TURN ON THE JUICE.
[illegible] THE RIM OF THE CRATER.
G-G-GOOD GOSH! WH-WH-WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S COMING FROM THE TEMPLE! COME ON, WHITEY, LET'S GO FIND OUT!
R-R-R-ROAR-R-R-R
NO! NO! ITZALOTAHUI! PLEETI! ITZALOTAHUI!
WH-WHATEVER SHE'S SAYING, I S-SECOND THE M-MOTION!
COME ON, WHITEY! WE'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
BRRRRR
RRRROAR
YOW!
WOW!

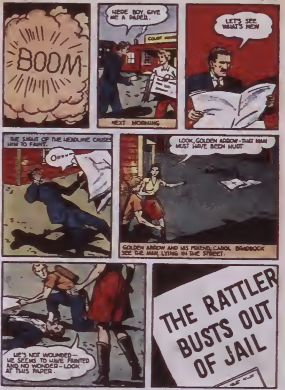

WOW! LEMME OUTTA THERE!
H-HOLY MOLEY!
THE-THE NOISE HAS STOPPED!
I'M ASHAMED OF MY-SELF I'M GOING BACK IN THERE!
BILLY! DO YOU FEEL IT? THE GROUND'S STARTING TO SH-SHAKE! HERE IT COMES AGAIN!
??
EEK!
SH-SH-SH SHAZAM!
THE ANCIENT MOUNTAIN ROCKS TO A TERRIFIC LIGHTNING-BOLT AND—

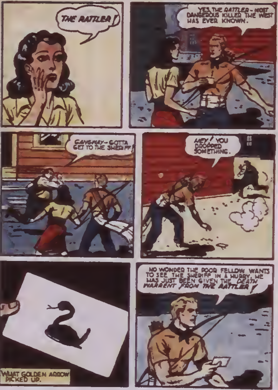

STRAIGHT AT THE MONSTROUS MONKEY-GOD, ITZALOTAHUI, FLIES THE MIGHTIEST MAN EVER BORN ON EARTH!
R R R R
BUT THE HUGE CREATURE CATCHES HIM UNAWARES AND SENDS HIM SPRAWLING! HAS CAPT. MARVEL MET HIS MASTER AT LAST?
TOUGH MONKEY, EH? MAYBE THIS'LL SOFTEN YOU UP!
THE WHOLE ISLAND ROCKS AND TREMBLES AS THE MIGHTIEST MAN IN THE UNIVERSE CLASHES WITH THE ANCIENT GOD OF MAYANS IN A TERRIFIC DEATH-STRUGGLE!
YEEEEOW, ULP
NOW WHAT?

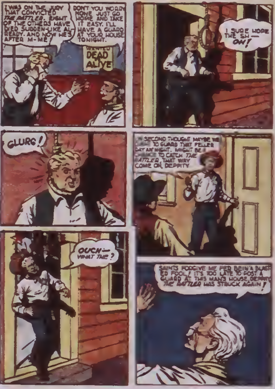

MR. MALCOLM!
WHITEY! YOU'VE COME AT LAST! THANK HEAVEN!
I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'VE BEEN HERE. MY MEN REFUSED TO ACCOMPANY ME ACROSS THE LAKE, SO I CAME ON ALONE. THEN THE INDIANS WOULDN'T LET ME LEAVE AFTER I'D ENTERED THIS TEMPLE THEY CLAIMED I'D BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE THEIR HORRIBLE MONKEY-GOD AFTER A THOUSAND YEARS. NOW THIS - THIS TROPICAL FEVER.
CHEER UP, SIR. CAPT. MARVEL'S OUT THERE TAKING CARE OF OLD LOTTA-HOOEY NOW. WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE IN A JIFFY.
HERE COMES CAPTAIN MARVEL NOW!
HI, MEN! LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT HERE.
SO THAT'S ALL THE DREADED MONKEY GOD WAS! A STONE IDOL!
BUT IT WAS ALIVE! IT MOVED!
YES. IT MOVED AND SEEMED TO BE ALIVE, BUT IT WASN'T, REALLY. THOSE OLD MAYAN INDIANS THAT PUT IT HERE WERE A BUNCH OF TRICKSTERS.

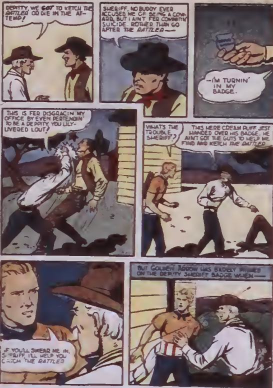

R R R R
SEE? THE GAS-FLARES ESCAPING AROUND HIS WAIST MAKE HIM MOVE ABOUT AS THOUGH ALIVE.
NATURAL GAS! THIS WHOLE MOUNTAIN IS FULL OF GAS- MAYBE EVEN OIL!
R R R
OIL! THEN WE'LL ALL BE RICH! MILLIONAIRES, MAYBE!
NO, I THINK WE'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE TO OLD ITZALOTAMUI. WE DON'T WANT TO BRING IN A HORDE OF PROSPECTORS AND OIL-MEN TO FIGHT OVER THIS GROUND. PERHAPS EVEN TO BRING WAR TO THIS PEACEFUL LAND.
BUT..
NO BUT, WHITEY, YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO SEE THE INDIANS, LIKE THIS LITTLE GIRL, HAVING TO GO TO WORK IN THE WHITE MEN'S CAMPS, WOULD YOU? CIVILIZATION WOULD SPOIL THEM.
GOODBYE WHITE- [illegible] BILLY [illegible]
SHE WAS A NICE LITTLE KID, EH, MR MALCOLM?
YES, IF SHE HADN'T, UNKNOWN TO HER TRIBE, BROUGHT ME FOOD AND WATER WHILE I LAY IN THAT TEMPLE, I'M AFRAID I WOULDN'T BE HERE WITH YOU BOYS TODAY.
AND SO OUR FRIENDS START OUT ON THE LONG VOYAGE BACK TO HOME AND CIVILIZATION. THERE MAY BE DANGERS ON THE TRAIL AHEAD BUT CAPT MARVEL WILL BE THERE TO HANDLE ANYTHING THAT BILLY HIMSELF CAN'T TAKE CARE OF.
NEXT MONTH - CAPTAIN MARVEL GOES ON TO MORE EXCITING ADVENTURES AND FACES A GREATER MENACE THAN HE HAS EVER KNOWN BEFORE. WATCH FOR THE SPECIAL FEATURE THE [illegible] THIS STORY WILL INTRODUCE IN THE NOVEMBER WHIZ COMICS.

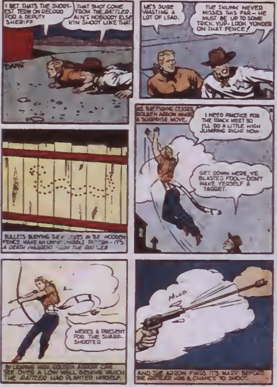

GOLDEN ARROW
GOLDEN ARROW, MIGHTY ARCHER OF THE WEST, TANGLES WITH THE MEANEST CRITTER OF THE PLAINS... THE RATTLER!
CAREFUL WITH THAT DYNAMITE.
SHHH!
IN THE BLACK OF NIGHT TWO FIGURES CAUTIOUSLY APPROACH THE OUTER WALL OF A HUGE PRISON.
THIS FUSE IS SHORT. GIT READY TO RUN.

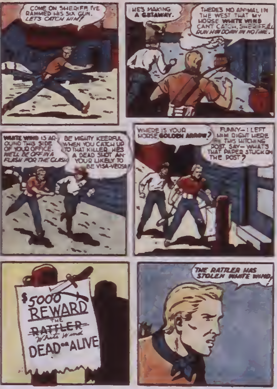

BOOM
HERE BOY, GIVE ME A PAPER.
COURT
NEXT MORNING
LET'S SEE WHAT'S NEW
THE SIGHT OF THE HEADLINE CAUSES HIM TO FAINT.
Ohhh—
LOOK, GOLDEN ARROW—THAT MAN MUST HAVE BEEN HURT
GOLDEN ARROW AND HIS FRIEND, CAROL BRADDOCK SEE THE MAN LYING IN THE STREET.
HE'S NOT WOUNDED— HE SEEMS TO HAVE FAINTED AND NO WONDER—LOOK AT THIS PAPER.
THE RATTLER BUSTS OUT OF JAIL

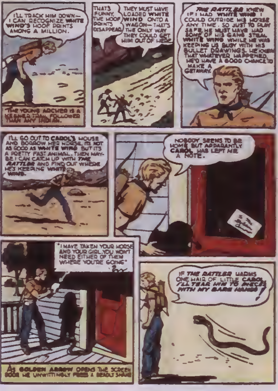

THE RATTLER!
YES, THE RATTLER - MOST DANGEROUS KILLER THE WEST HAS EVER KNOWN.
GANGWAY - GOTTA GET TO THE SHERIFF!
HEY! YOU DROPPED SOMETHING.
WHAT GOLDEN ARROW PICKED UP.
NO WONDER THE POOR FELLOW WANTS TO SEE THE SHERIFF IN A HURRY. HE HAS JUST BEEN GIVEN THE DEATH WARRENT FROM THE RATTLER!

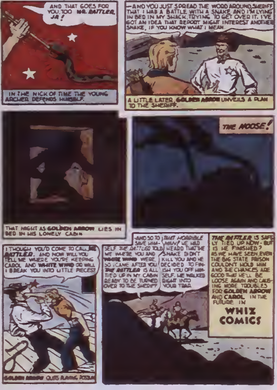

I WAS ON THE JURY THAT CONVICTED THE RATTLER. EIGHT OF THE OTHERS HAVE DIED SUDDEN-LIKE AL-READY. AND NOW HE'S AFTER M-ME!
DON'T YOU WORRY NONE. JUST GO HOME AND TAKE IT EASY. I'LL HAVE A GUARD AT YOUR HOUSE TONIGHT.
WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE
I SURE HOPE THE SH— OH!
GLURG!
ON SECOND THOUGHT MAYBE WE OUGHT TO GUARD THAT FELLER DAY AN' NIGHT. MIGHT BE A CHANCE TO CATCH THE RATTLER THAT WAY. COME ON, DEPPITY.
OUCH— WHAT THE ?
SAINTS FORGIVE ME FER BEIN' A BLUST-ED FOOL! IT'S TOO LATE TO POST A GUARD AT THIS MAN'S HOUSE, DEPPITY. THE RATTLER HAS STRUCK AGAIN!


DEPPITY, WE *GOT* TO KETCH *THE RATTLER* OR DIE IN THE ATTEMP!
SHERIFF, NOBUDDY EVER ACCUSED ME OF BEING A COWARD, BUT I AIN'T FER COMMITTIN' SUICIDE, RATHER THAN GO AFTER THE *RATTLER*—
—I'M TURNIN' IN MY BADGE.
THIS IS FER DISGRACIN MY OFFICE BY EVEN PERTENDIN' TO BE A DEPPITY, YOU LILY-LIVERED LOUT!
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, SHERIFF?
THIS HERE CREAM PUFF JEST HANDED OVER HIS BADGE. HE AIN'T GOT THE GUTS TO HELP ME FIND AND KETCH *THE RATTLER*
IF YOU'LL SWEAR ME IN, SHERIFF, I'LL HELP YOU CATCH THE *RATTLER*
BUT GOLDEN ARROW HAS BARELY PINNED ON THE DEPUTY SHERIFF BADGE WHEN—

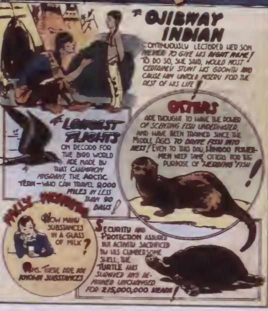

I BET THAT'S THE SHORTEST TERM ON RECORD FOR A DEPUTY SHERIFF
THAT SHOT COME FROM THE *RATTLER*. AIN'T NOBODY ELSE KIN SHOOT LIKE THAT!
BANG
HE'S SURE WASTING A LOT OF LEAD.
THE SKUNK NEVER MISSES THIS FAR— HE MUST BE UP TO SOME TRICK. YUP- LOOK YONDER ON THAT FENCE!
AS THE FIRING CEASES GOLDEN ARROW MAKES A SURPRISE MOVE.
I NEED PRACTICE FOR THE TRACK MEET SO I'LL DO A LITTLE HIGH JUMPING RIGHT NOW
GET DOWN HERE, YE BLASTED FOOL— DON'T MAKE YERSELF A TARGET.
BULLETS BURYING THEIR SELVES IN THE WOODEN FENCE MAKE AN UNMISTAKABLE PATTERN - IT'S A *DEATH WARRANT FROM THE RATTLER*
BY LEAPING HIGH, GOLDEN ARROW CAN SEE OVER A LOW WALL BEHIND WHICH THE *RATTLER* HAD PLANTED HIMSELF.
HERE'S A PRESENT FOR THE SHARPSHOOTER
THUD
AND THE ARROW FINDS IT'S MARK BEFORE THE *RATTLER* HAS A CHANCE TO SHOOT.

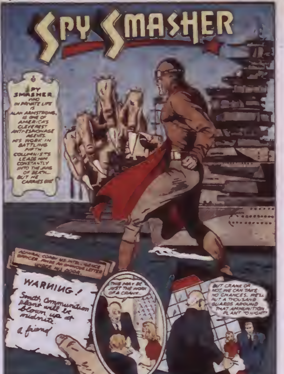

COME ON SHERIFF, I'VE RAMMED HIS SIX GUN. *LET'S CATCH HIM!*
HE'S MAKING **A GETAWAY.**
THERE'S NO ANIMAL IN THE WEST THAT MY HORSE **WHITE WIND** CAN'T CATCH, SHERIFF. *I'LL RUN HIM DOWN IN NO TIME.*
WHITE WIND IS AROUND THIS SIDE OF YOUR OFFICE. *WE'LL BE OFF IN A FLASH FOR THE CLASH!*
BE MIGHTY KEERFUL WHEN YOU CATCH UP TO THAT KILLER. HE'S A DEAD SHOT AN' YOUR LIKELY TO BE VISA-VERSA!
WHERE IS YOUR HORSE, **GOLDEN ARROW**?
FUNNY— I LEFT HIM RIGHT HERE BY THIS HITCHING POST. SAY— WHAT'S THAT PAPER STUCK ON THE POST?
$5000 REWARD
THE ~~RATTLER~~ White Wind
DEAD or ALIVE
THE RATTLER HAS STOLEN WHITE WIND!

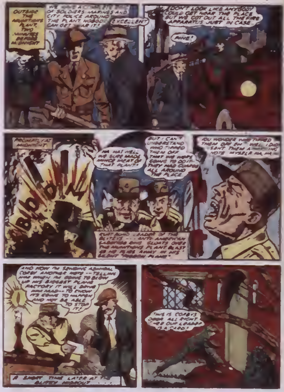

I'LL TRACK HIM DOWN—I CAN RECOGNIZE **WHITE WIND'S** HOOF PRINTS AMONG A MILLION.
THE YOUNG ARCHER IS A KEENER TRAIL FOLLOWER THAN ANY INDIAN.
THAT'S FUNNY, THE HOOF PRINTS DISAPPEAR.
THEY MUST HAVE LOADED **WHITE WIND** ONTO A WAGON—THAT'S THE ONLY WAY THEY COULD GET HIM OUT OF HERE.
THE RATTLER KNEW IF I HAD **WHITE WIND** I COULD OUTRIDE HIS HORSE ANY TIME. SO JUST TO PLAY SAFE HE MUST HAVE HAD SOME OF HIS GANG STEAL **WHITE WIND** WHILE HE WAS KEEPING US BUSY WITH HIS BULLET DRAWINGS. HE KNEW THAT WHATEVER HAPPENED, HE'D HAVE A GOOD CHANCE TO MAKE A **GETAWAY.**
I'LL GO OUT TO **CAROL'S** HOUSE AND BORROW HER HORSE. IT'S NOT AS GOOD AS **WHITE WIND** BUT IT'S A PRETTY FAST ANIMAL. THEN MAYBE I CAN CATCH UP WITH ***THE RATTLER*** AND FIND OUT WHERE HE'S KEEPING **WHITE WIND.**
NOBODY SEEMS TO BE HOME BUT APPARENTLY **CAROL** HAS LEFT ME A NOTE.
"I HAVE TAKEN YOUR HORSE AND YOUR GIRL. YOU WON'T NEED EITHER OF THEM WHERE YOU'RE GOING"
AS **GOLDEN ARROW** OPENS THE SCREEN DOOR HE UNWITTINGLY FREES A DEADLY SNAKE
IF ***THE RATTLER*** HARMS ONE HAIR OF LITTLE **CAROL** ***I'LL TEAR HIM TO PIECES WITH MY BARE HANDS!***

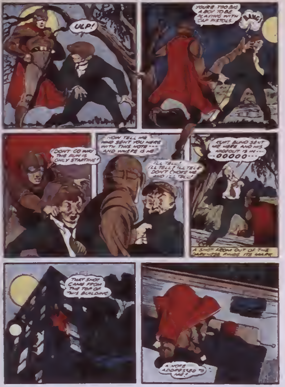

AND THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO MR. RATTLER, JR!
IN THE NICK OF TIME THE YOUNG ARCHER DEFENDS HIMSELF.
—AND YOU JUST SPREAD THE WORD AROUND, SHERIFF THAT I HAD A BATTLE WITH A SNAKE AND I'M LYING IN BED IN MY SHACK, TRYING TO GET OVER IT. I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT REPORT MIGHT INTEREST ANOTHER SNAKE, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
A LITTLE LATER, GOLDEN ARROW UNVEILS A PLAN TO THE SHERIFF.
THAT NIGHT AS GOLDEN ARROW LIES IN BED IN HIS LONELY CABIN
THE NOOSE!
I THOUGHT YOU'D COME TO CALL, MR. RATTLER. AND NOW WILL YOU TELL ME WHERE YOU'RE KEEPING CAROL AND WHITE WIND OR WILL I BREAK YOU INTO LITTLE PIECES?
GOLDEN ARROW CUTS RATTLER LOOSE
—AND SO TO SAVE HIMSELF THE RATTLER TOLD ME WHERE YOU AND WHITE WIND WERE. SO I CAME AFTER YOU. THE RATTLER IS ALL TIED UP IN MY CABIN READY TO BE TURNED OVER TO THE SHERIFF
THAT HORRIBLE MAN! HE HAD HEARD THAT THE SNAKE DIDN'T KILL YOU AND HE DECIDED TO FINISH YOU OFF HIMSELF. HE WALKED RIGHT INTO YOUR TRAP.
THE RATTLER IS SAFELY TIED UP NOW - BUT IS HE FINISHED? AS WE HAVE SEEN, EVEN THE BIG STATE PRISON COULDN'T HOLD HIM AND THE CHANCES ARE GOOD THAT HE'LL BE LOOSE AGAIN AND CAUSING MORE TROUBLES FOR GOLDEN ARROW AND CAROL IN THE FUTURE IN
WHIZ COMICS

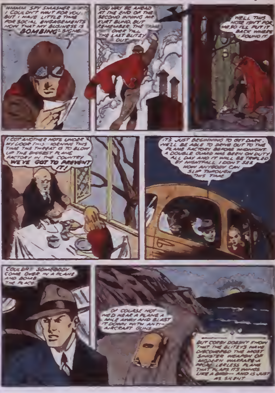
STRANGE BUT TRUE

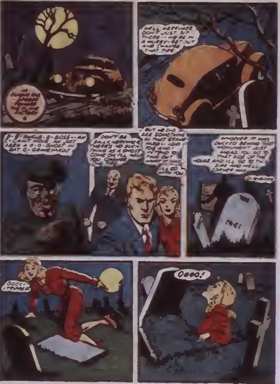

OJIBWAY INDIAN
CONTINUOUSLY LECTURED HER SON NEVER TO GIVE HIS RIGHT NAME! TO DO SO, SHE SAID, WOULD MOST CERTAINLY STUNT HIS GROWTH AND CAUSE HIM UNTOLD MISERY FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE!
LONGEST FLIGHTS
ON RECORD FOR THE BIRD WORLD ARE MADE BY THAT CHAMPION MIGRANT, THE ARCTIC TERN—WHO CAN TRAVEL 2,000 MILES IN LESS THAN 90 DAYS!
OTTERS
ARE THOUGHT TO HAVE THE POWER OF SCENTING FISH UNDERWATER, AND HAVE BEEN TRAINED SINCE THE MIDDLE AGES TO DRIVE FISH INTO NETS! EVEN TO THIS DAY, HINDOO FISHERMEN KEEP TAME OTTERS FOR THE PURPOSE OF "HERDING" FISH!
WILLY WONDERS
HOW MANY SUBSTANCES IN A GLASS OF MILK?
ANS. THERE ARE 101 KNOWN SUBSTANCES
SECURITY AND PROTECTION ASSURED BUT ACTIVITY SACRIFICED BY HIS CUMBERSOME SHELL, THE TURTLE HAS SURVIVED AND REMAINED UNCHANGED FOR 215,000,000 YEARS!

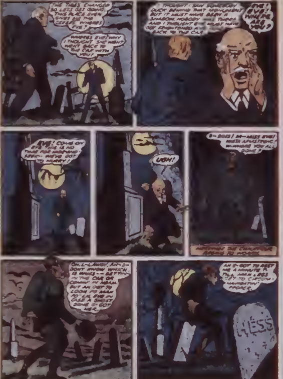

SPY SMASHER
SPY SMASHER WHO IN PRIVATE LIFE IS ALAN ARMSTRONG, IS ONE OF AMERICA'S CLEVEREST ANTI-ESPIONAGE AGENTS. HIS WORK IN BATTLING FIFTH COLUMNISTS LEADS HIM CONSTANTLY INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH... BUT HE CARRIES ON!
ADMIRAL CORBY US INTELLIGENCE OFFICER FINDS AN OMINOUS LETTER UNDER HIS DOOR.
WARNING! Smith Ammunition Plant will be blown up at midnite. a friend
THIS MAY BE JUST THE WORK OF A CRANK...
BUT CRANK OR NOT WE CAN TAKE NO CHANCES. WE'LL PUT A THOUSAND GUARDS AROUND THAT AMMUNITION PLANT TONIGHT!

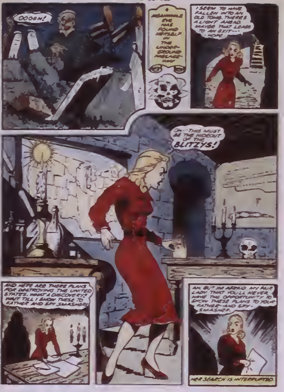

OUTSIDE THE MUNITIONS PLANT, TWO MINUTES BEFORE MIDNIGHT
WE HAVE A [illegible] OF SOLDIERS MARINES AND CITY POLICE AROUND THE PLANT NOBODY CAN GET NEAR IT!
EXCELLENT!
DON'T LOOK LIKE ANYBODY COULD GET NEAR THE PLACE BUT WE GOT OUT ALL THE FIRE APPARATUS JUST IN CASE
FINE!
PROMPTLY AT MIDNIGHT
BOOM
HA HA! WELL WE SURE MADE MINCE MEAT OF THAT PLANT!
BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHO TIPPED THEM OFF THAT WE WERE GOING TO DO IT. THEY HAD GUARDS ALL AROUND THE PLACE
YOU WONDER WHO TIPPED THEM OFF EH? WELL I DID! SENT THEM A WARNING NOTE MYSELF HA HA!
CURT ROND, LEADER OF THE BLITZERS . . . ANTI-AMERICAN SABOTAGE RING GLOATS OVER THE MUNITIONS PLANT BLAST AS HE PLANS ANEW IN HIS SILENT "SHADOW PLANE"
AND NOW I'M SENDING ADMIRAL COREY ANOTHER NOTE -- TELLING HIM WHEN I'M GOING TO BLOW UP HIS BIGGEST PLANE FACTORY. IT WILL DRIVE HIM MAD -- TO KNOW IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN AND NOT BE ABLE TO STOP IT!
A SHORT TIME LATER AT THE BLITZ HIDEOUT . . .
THIS IS COREY'S DOOR ALL RIGHT [illegible] A CARD!

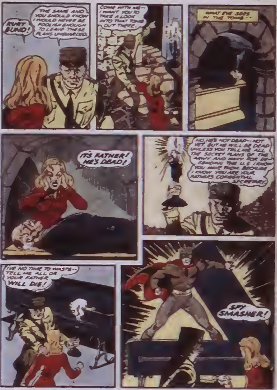

ULP!
YOU'RE TOO BIG A BOY TO BE PLAYING WITH CAP PISTOLS
BANG!
DON'T GO AWAY THE FUN IS ONLY STARTING!
NOW TELL ME WHO SENT YOU HERE WITH THIS NOTE --- AND WHERE IS HE
I'LL TELL! I'LL TELL! I'LL TELL DON'T CHOKE ME AND I'LL TELL!
KURT BLIND SENT ME HERE AND HIS HIDEOUT IS IN -- --OOOOO---
A SHOT FROM OUT OF THE DARKNESS FINDS ITS MARK
THAT SHOT CAME FROM THE TOP OF THIS BUILDING
A NOTE ADDRESSED TO ME!

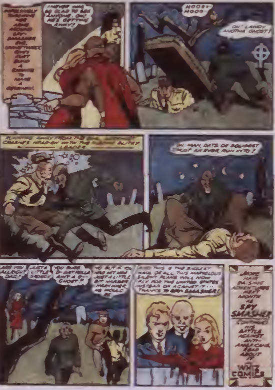

HMMM SPY SMASHER — I COULDN'T WAIT FOR YOU BUT I HAVE LITTLE TIME FOR SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS NOW THAT MY BUSINESS IS BOMBING—SIGNE
YOU MAY BE AHEAD AT THE END OF THE SECOND INNING MR. KURT BLIND, BUT REMEMBER THE GAME ISN'T OVER TILL THE LAST BLITZY IS OUT
WELL THIS NOTE ISN'T FOR ME SO I'LL PUT IT BACK WHERE I FOUND IT
I GOT ANOTHER NOTE UNDER MY DOOR THIS MORNING THIS TIME THE THREAT IS TO BLOW UP THE BIGGEST PLANE FACTORY IN THE COUNTRY WE'VE GOT TO PREVENT IT!
IT'S JUST BEGINNING TO GET DARK. WE'LL BE ABLE TO DRIVE OUT TO THE PLANE FACTORY BEFORE MIDNIGHT A DOUBLE GUARD HAS BEEN ON DUTY ALL DAY AND IT WILL BE TRIPLED BY NIGHTFALL I DON'T SEE HOW ANYBODY CAN SLIP THROUGH THIS TIME
COULDN'T SOMEBODY COME OVER IN A PLANE AND BOMB THE PLACE
OF COURSE NOT— WE'D HEAR A PLANE A MILE AWAY AND BLAST IT DOWN WITH ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS
BUT CORBY DOESN'T KNOW THAT THE BLITZY'S HAVE DISCOVERED THE MOST SINISTER WEAPON OF MODERN WARFARE—A MOTORLESS PLANE THAT FLAPS ITS WINGS LIKE A BIRD— AND IS JUST AS SILENT


WELL, HERKIMER DON'T JUST SIT THERE -- WE'RE IN A HURRY -- GET OUT AND CHANGE THAT TIRE
B-B-[illegible]-B-BOSS -- AH C-CAN'T MOVE. AH JUST SEEN A G-G-GHOST IN DAT G-GRAVEYARD!
DON'T BE SILLY, HERKIMER. THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A GHOST. COME ON, I'LL HELP YOU CHANGE
BUT HE DID SEE SOMETHING IN THAT GRAVEYARD -- I DID TOO AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT WHAT IT WAS
I'LL GO WITH YOU
WHOEVER IT WAS DUCKED BEHIND MONUMENT JUST AHEAD. YOU GO TO THAT SIDE OF THE HOUSE AND I'LL GO TO THE SIDE AND WE'LL CORNER HIM
O-K, SPEEDY
OOOO--I TRIPPED
OOOO!


THE TIME'S CHANGED SO LET'S GET GOING. THIS PLACE EVEN GIVES ME THE CREEPS. WHERE'S EVE?
WHERE'S EVE? WHY I THOUGHT SHE WENT WENT BACK TO THE CAR WITH YOU!
I THOUGHT I SAW SOMEBODY DUCK BEHIND THAT MONUMENT BUT IT MUST HAVE BEEN A SHADOW. NOBODY [illegible] THERE AND I THOUGHT E[illegible] MUST HAVE GOT FRIGHTENED A[illegible] BACK TO THE CAR
EVE! EVE! WHERE ARE YOU?
EVE! COME ON EVE THIS IS NO TIME FOR HIDE-AND-SEEK— WE'VE GOT TO HURRY!
UGH!
B-BOSS! M-MISS EVE! MISTA ARMSTRONG! W-WHERE YOU ALL GONE?
MEANWHILE THE CHAUFFEUR BEGINS TO WORRY
OH, L-LAWDY, AH-I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS WORSE — SETTIN' IN THE CAR OR COMIN' IN HEAH. BUT AH GOT TO LOOK FO' MAH PO' LIL' EVE IN CASE A GHOST DONE G-GOT HER.
AH G-GOT TO REST ME A MINUTE 'TILL MAH LEGS GET TO CIRCUM-NAVIGATIN' PROPER.
HESS

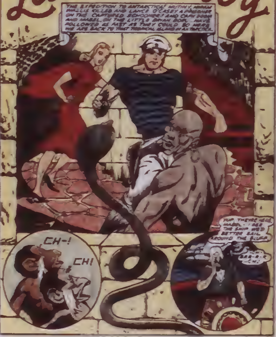

OOOOH!
MEANWHILE EVE HAS FOUND HERSELF IN THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAY
I SEEM TO HAVE FALLEN INTO AN OLD TOMB. THERE'S A LIGHT AHEAD. MAYBE THAT LEADS TO AN EXIT--- I HOPE
OH—THIS MUST BE THE HIDEOUT OF THE BLITZYS!
AND HERE ARE THEIR PLANS FOR DESTROYING THE UNITED STATES. WHAT A DISCOVERY! WAIT TILL I SHOW THESE TO FATHER AND SPY SMASHER!
AH, BUT I'M AFRAID MY FAIR LADY THAT YOU'LL NEVER HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO SHOW THESE PLANS TO YOUR FATHER—AND SPY-SMASHER.
HER SEARCH IS INTERRUPTED.

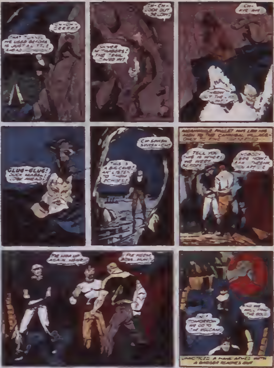

KURT BUND!
THE SAME AND YOU SHOULD KNOW I WOULD NEVER BE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO LEAVE THESE PLANS UNGUARDED.
COME WITH ME— I WANT YOU TO TAKE A LOOK INTO THAT TOMB OUT THERE.
WHAT EVE SEES IN THE TOMB . . .
IT'S FATHER! HE'S DEAD!
NO, HE'S NOT DEAD—NOT YET. BUT HE WILL BE DEAD UNLESS YOU TELL ME ALL THE SECRET PLANS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY FOR DEFENDING THE U.S. I KNOW YOU HAVE THEM, BECAUSE I KNOW YOU ARE YOUR FATHER'S CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARY.
I'VE NO TIME TO WASTE... TELL ME ALL OR YOUR FATHER WILL DIE!
SPY SMASHER!

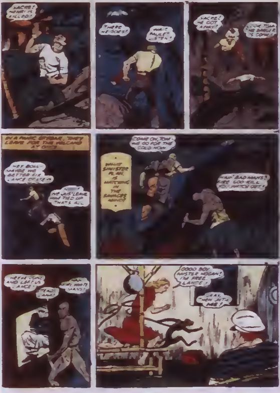

DESPERATELY THROWING HER ARMS AROUND SPY-SMASHER EVE, UNWITTINGLY GIVES THAT BLOND A CHANCE TO MAKE A GETAWAY.
I NEVER WAS SO GLAD TO SEE ANYONE. OH! HE'S GETTING AWAY!
HOOO-HOOO
OH' LAWDY ANOTHA GHOST!
RUNNING AWAY FROM THE [illegible] CRASHES HEAD-ON WITH THE [illegible] BLITZY LEADER
OH, MAN, DATS DE SOLIDEST GHOST AH EVER RUN INTO!
ARE YOU ALLRIGHT DAD?
JUST A LITTLE GROGGY.
YOU SURE D-DAT FELLA AIN'T A G-- GHOST?
NO BUT IF YOU HAD HIT HIM JUST A LITTLE BIT HARDER, HERKIMER, HE WOULD BE.
AND THIS IS THE BIGGEST HAUL OF ALL. THIS MARVELOUS SILENT PLANE WILL NOW FLY FOR THE UNITED STATES INSTEAD OF AGAINST IT... THANKS TO SPY SMASHER!
MORE HAIR RAISING ADVENTURES NEXT MONTH AS SPY SMASHER CONTINUES HIS BATTLE AGAINST ANTI-AMERICANS. READ ABOUT IT IN WHIZ COMICS

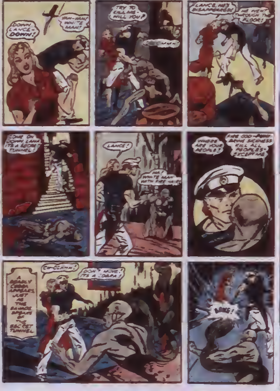
Lance O'Casey

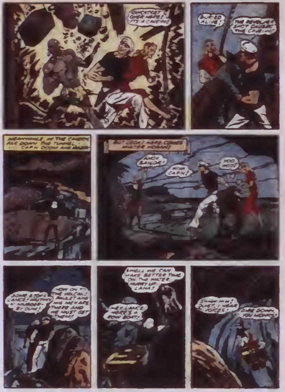
THE EXPEDITION TO ANTARCTICA! MUTINY, HIRAM WALLIS KILLED AND LANCE O'CASEY A PRISONER ON THE CAPTURED SCHOONER! AND CAP'N [illegible] AND MABEL ON THE LITTLE BRIAN BORU HAVE FOLLOWED AS FAST AS THEY COULD SO HERE WE ARE BACK TO THAT TROPICAL ISLAND IN ANTARCTICA.

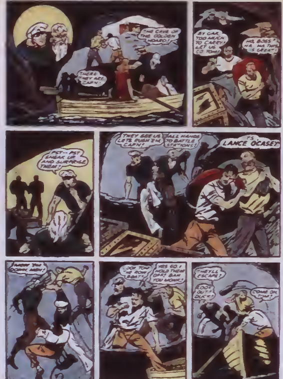

CH-!
CHI
YUP THEY'RE HERE MABEL - I SEE THE SHIP WE'D BETTER SAIL AROUND THE BLUFF.
BRR-R-R CH!

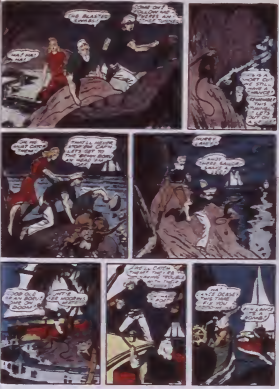

GRRRR!
THAT TUNNEL WE USED BEFORE IS JUST A LITTLE AHEAD
CH-CH- LOOK OUT BELOW!
SHIVER MY TIMBERS! THE TRAIL CAVED IN!
CH- AYE AYE
GLUG-GLUG!
CH-SPLASH SPLASH-CH!
THIS IS A BIG CAVE! AN' LISTEN TO THEM ECHOES!
MEANWHILE PAGLET HAS LED HIS MEN TO THE CANNIBAL VILLAGE- ONLY TO FIND IT DESERTED-
TELL YOU THIS IS WHERE WE WERE BEFORE
TOMORROW WE GO TO THE VOLCANO.
A NATIVE ARMED WITH A DAGGER REACHES OUT

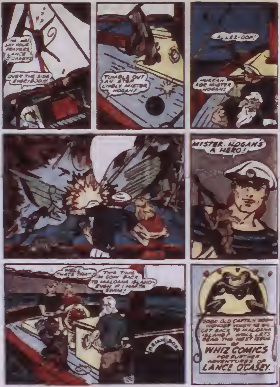

SACRE! HENRI IS KILLED!
THERE HE GOES!
WAIT, PAUL! LISTEN!
SACRE! HE GOT AWAY!
LOOK TOM — THE SMELLER'S COME!
IN A PANIC OF FEAR, THEY LEAVE FOR THE VOLCANO AT ONCE
HEY BOSS — MAYBE WE BETTER FIX LANCE OKAY?
NO! WE JUS' LEAVE HIM TIED UP THAT'S ALL
COME ON, TOM — WE GO FOR THE GOLD NOW
WHAT SINISTER PLAN IS HATCHING IN THE SAVAGE'S MIND?
WAH! BAD MANS! HIM GOO KILL YOU, WATCH OUT!
NEVER COME AND LEAVE US, LANCE!
YEAH, LANCE!
HAH! WHITE MANS!
GOOD BOY MISTER HOGAN! I'M FREE, LANCE!
OKAY, THEN UNTIE ME!

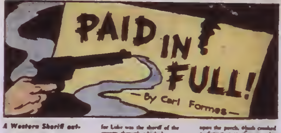

DOWN LANCE—DOWN!
WAH-WAH! WHITE MAN!
TRY TO KILL ME—WILL YOU?
GRRMMM—
LANCE, HE'S DISAPPEARED!
HE WENT THROUGH THE FLOOR!
COME ON DOWN LANCE IT'S A SECRET TUNNEL!
LANCE!
HA! WHITE MAN WITH FIRE-HAIR!
WHERE ARE YOUR PEOPLE?
FIRE GOD—AWAY BRING SICKNESS KILL ALL PEOPLES—EXCEPT ME
A DEADLY COBRA APPEARS JUST AS THE SAVAGE SPEAKS OF THE SECRET TUNNEL
CH-CLANN!
DON'T MOVE! IT'S A COBRA!
BANG!


QUICK! GET OVER HERE! IT'S A CAVE-IN!
BURIED ALIVE!
THE REVOLVER SHOT CAUSED THE CAVE-IN!
MEANWHILE, IN THE CAVERN FAR DOWN THE TUNNEL ... CAP'N DOOM AND HAGER
BUT LOOK! HERE COMES MASTER HOGAN!
AHOY SAILOR!
HIYA CAP'N!
YOO HOO!
SOME STORY LANCE! MUTINY 'N MURDER-BY GUM!
NOW ON TH' VOLCANIC BULLET AND HIS MEN ARE THERE AND WE MUST GET THEM!
SWELL WE CAN MAKE BETTER TIME ON THE WATER HURRY UP LANA!
HEY LANCE HERE'S A ROW BOAT!
SHHH-HH! QUIET, I HEAR VOICES!
DUCK DOWN, YOU MONKS!


THE CAVE OF THE GOLDEN HOARD!
THERE THEY ARE CAP'N!
BY GAR, TOO MUCH TO CARRY! LET US GO TOM!
HA, BOSS! HA HA THIS IS GREAT!
PST-- PST SNEAK UP AND SURPRISE THEM!
THEY SEE US LETS RUSH 'EM CAP'N!
ALL HANDS TO BATTLE STATIONS!
IT'S LANCE O'CASEY!
MOW 'EM DOWN, MEN!
QUICK TOM THE ROW BOAT!
YES GO, I HOLD THEM OFF! BAH YOU MONK!
THEY'LL ESCAPE!
LOOK OUT! DUCK!
COME ON TOM!


THE BLASTED SWABS!
COME ON! FOLLOW ME — THERE'S AN-OTHER TUNNEL!
MA! MA! MA!
THIS IS A SHORT CUT — WE STILL HAVE A CHANCE!
REMEMBER? THIS TUNNEL LETS OUT ON A
OH WE MUST CATCH THEM!
THAT'LL NEVER STOP 'EM CAP'N — LET'S GET TO THE 'BRIAN BORU' AN' HEAD 'EM OFF!
HURRY LANCE!
AHOY THERE SAILOR — SHAKE A LEG!
GOOD OLE BRIAN BORU! WE'RE ON DOOM!
AIN'T 'ER MOORINGS MATE!
WE'LL CATCH THEM! THEY'RE HAVING TROUBLE WITH THEIR
PORT
HA! LANCE O'CASEY! THIS TIME I'LL FIX YOU — HO-HO HA!
OH LANCE — IT'S A BOMB!


HA HA! SAY YOUR PRAYERS, LANCE O'CASEY!
OVER THE SIDE EVERYBODY!
TUMBLE OUT AN' STEP LIVELY MISTER HOGAN!
A-LEZ-OOP!
HURRAH FOR MISTER HOGAN!
MISTER. HOGAN'S A HERO!
WELL THAT'S THAT
THIS TIME I'M GOIN BACK TO MALOANA ISLAND EVEN IF I HAFTA SWIM!
GOOD OLD CAPTAIN BOOM WONDERS WHEN HE WILL GET BACK TO MALOANA ISLAND? WELL LETS READ THE NEXT ISSUE OF
WHIZ COMICS
FOR FURTHER ADVENTURES OF
LANCE OCASEY.



PAID IN FULL!

—By Carl Formes—

A Western Sheriff outsmarts a gambling badman and beats him at his own game. . . .

SHARP PUFFS of wind were blowing across the prairie, as though some prehistoric giant were unsuccessfully trying to blow out a candle. The moon managed, now and then, to peep through a rift in the downy clouds, but for the rest of the time had to be content with bathing the earth in a heavily filtered light, which spread an eerie half glow over all. It reminded Luke Clinton of the time he had sat in that big cathedral back East.

"Get a goin', Jerry!" he sang out. This was as close as he ever came to using those big wheeled spurs that protruded from his boot heels. Jerry understood her master in a hurry, and grasped his every command correctly. Consequently, she now went a little faster—just a little. They had gone a short distance at this accelerated speed when "bang" a pistol shot smacked across the silence of the night. Jerry already had her legs stiffened for a sliding stop when Luke pulled her up with a short but not unkindly:

"Whoa there, Girl!" The sheriff's keenly attuned ears, for Luke was the sheriff of the county through which he was now riding, told him two things about that shot. It had been fired not more than a mile away, and—not in the open. It had a muffled sound, which Luke reckoned was an indoor shot. An outdoor shot on the prairie can mean any of a dozen things, none of them especially interesting to a sheriff nor to the law which he was sworn to defend. But a shot fired indoors invariably means foul play.

Luke waited for several seconds, but hearing nothing further, wheeled Jerry around, and was off in the direction from which the shot had come. He finally pulled the horse to a halt before a small ranch house. A tiny porch did service to embellish the entrance of the house. It was much too small to do anything more. Luke sniffed the air like a hunting dog trying to recover a lost scent. Yep, he could smell it all right. Some one had raised dust here within the past few moments—the air still held the fine particles.

Luke dismounted and approached the house in his usual swinging walk. He was a good six feet three and when in repose looked anything but the really strong man he was. When he walked, however, there was a rippling of muscles in the lithe body that few would mistake. He now stepped upon the porch, [illegible] against his weight, and pushing shoulder against the door, was soon surveying the room. The acrid smell of powder smoke was plainly noticeable. The match finally burned his fingers. Luke threw it on the floor, stamped on it and, lighting another, soon had the hanging lamp burning. Its yellow beams showed him—just what he had feared and expected. Old Zeke Woolridge lay on the floor, one hand clamped around a corner of the half pulled down table cloth. He was as dead as a salt mackerel. His sightless eyes were staring at the ceiling, as though he would there find the explanation of what had happened to him. There was no evidence of any wound. Luke turned the body over—it was still warm. How Zeke had met his death was now plain—he had been shot in the back, more than likely by someone from the outside—through the partly open window.

THE SHERIFF scratched his head. He was puzzled. Old man Woolridge probably had plenty of enemies, as no one could follow his line of business and not have. He was, what in some parts of the world is called a financier, and in others just loan shark. At any rate, he loaned out money at very high rates of interest. Usury laws had not as yet permeated the far West, to a man like old Woodridge charged whatever interest he pleased, and that meant all that the traffic would bear. Still, who would hate the old codger to the extent of killing him in cold blood?

Beside the room in which Luke now stood, and which held forth as a combination living room, bed room, dining room and library, there were two cubbies, too tiny to be graced by the name of room. One served as a kitchen, where the old bachelor prepared such meals as he ate. The other was a sort of office. Luke knew that the old man kept records here. Taking the lamp from its hanging ring, he now went to this office space. Everything was scattered about, as though someone had been hunting for something in a great hurry.

Now Luke was just a sheriff. An open-faced, above-board law-man. He was accustomed to hangings, man, killings in all forms; but the subtler, more elusive forms of crime detection, namely, playing detective, had never been required of him. He now felt strangely at a loss—didn't know how or where to start.

"Well," he spoke out loud. "It's a mite better to start doin' somethin', even if ye bungle it, than to stand 'round doin' nothin'." Following this line of reasoning, he picked up the scattered papers and arranged them alphabetically.

The sheriff soon found that there were only two kinds of papers, and that they fitted into two files, which in turn fitted into two pigeon holes in the open safe. They were signed notes and unsigned, undated receipts. The notes were signed by the various men that owed Woodridge, and called for certain sums of money and contained the date when these sums were due. Luke puzzled over this for some time, but finally understood the set-up. Old Woodridge would lend a man a sum of money, which was to be repaid in, say, ten payments. He would receive ten notes signed by the borrower, each showing the date on which it was due. Then the old loan shark, who was a professional lawyer, would make out a receipt for each of these notes, leaving the date and his signature blank. Then as payment was made, he would get the proper receipt from the file in the safe, finish filling it out, and that was that. It must have been a sort of hobby with the old man, a way to while away the long, lonely evenings.

Luke checked the contents of the note file against that of the receipts, and found everything in apple pie order, except for one item—ten notes signed by Lefe Gregg for six hundred dollars each, had no corresponding receipts. So Lefe Gregg, the owner of the Crystal Ball saloon, and the biggest professional gambler in town, had gotten into the clutches of old Woodridge, eh? That cleared up a number of things which had puzzled Luke of late. He now put the little bundle of Lefe's notes in his pocket, put all the rest back into the safe and closed and locked the rusty old steel door. Luke then replaced the lamp in its holder and blew it out. The room with its gruesome scene did not fall into total blackness, for the clouds had evidently been dispersed, and the moon shone through the window with all the power of a diffused spot light.

THE LAW man then hurried to his horse. He led her back of a little shed and to her great surprise, and tied her to a post. He then returned to the house and moving an old rocker to the junction of the big room and the office, sat down and waited.

"It'll take Lefe nigh onto an hour to get back to town," said the sheriff to himself. "And if that crooked lawyer o' hisn is waitin' for him, as I reckon he will be, 'twont be but a few minutes afore Lefe'll be back-trackin' out this way ag'in. So allowing another hour for his return trip here, he should oughta be here shortly."

Hardly had he finished this soliloquy when unmistakable sounds of hoofbeats disturbed the peace of the night. They came closer and closer—ending in a quick sliding stop right before the house. The little porch gave vent to its wrath at this late disturbance, by giving the newcomer's footsteps an extra hollow sound. A second later someone was in the room, a match was struck and in the same movement the lamp lit.

Without looking right or left or even glancing at the body on the floor, the newcomer, a large boned person, immaculately dressed in the accepted western gambler's attire, hurried to the back office room. Luke had meanwhile gotten up from the rocker at the man's approach, and flattened himself against the wall in the farthest corner of the big room. From here he watched the other man's every move.

With a loud curse, the man ran back into the room and looked down at the corpse.

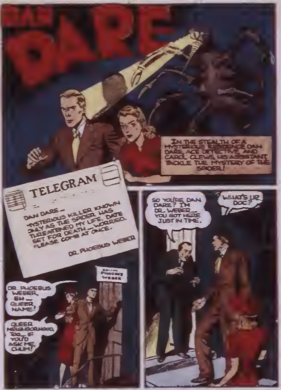
"Must o' been his ghost that locked that safe," he snarled. "I know it was open when I left."

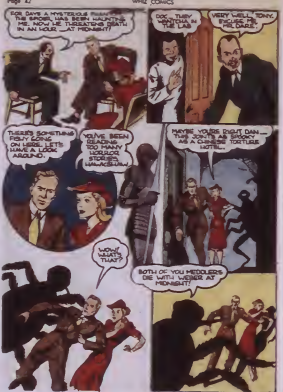
"Maybe you're lookin' fer these, Lefe Gregg?" asked Luke in a deadly calm tone. "You took the receipts by mistake and left your signed notes." The gambler whirled to the sound of Luke's voice.

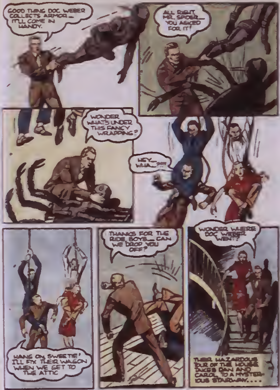
"Why you—" he gasped, making a quick grab for his gun. Neither the sentence nor the movement were ever finished. An ear splitting forty-five shot shook that little place as fire seemed to spurt from the end of Luke's fingers. The gambler twitchingly sprung into the air, turned half around and crashed to the floor. For a moment or two he kicked and thrashed around, then all was quiet. Luke slowly holstered his gun, and looking down at old Woodridge said:

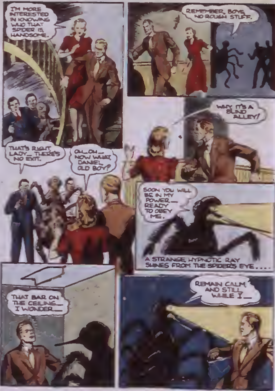
"I don't know how you feel about it, Zeke, but I think Lefe's account should be marked, *Paid in full*."

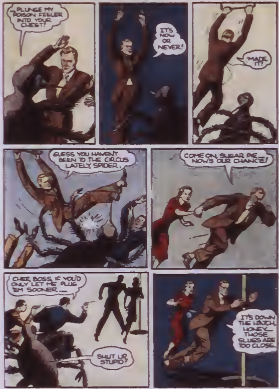
The End

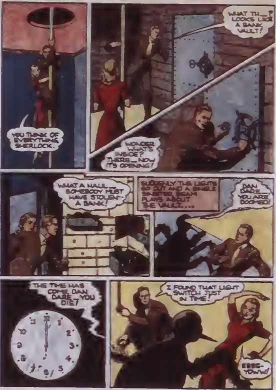

DAN DARE
IN THE STEALTH OF A MYSTERIOUS RESIDENCE DAN DARE, ACE DETECTIVE AND CAROL CLEWS, HIS ASSISTANT, TACKLE THE MYSTERY OF THE SPIDER!
TELEGRAM
DAN DARE—
MYSTERIOUS KILLER KNOWN ONLY AS THE SPIDER HAS THREATENED MY LIFE. DATE SET FOR DEATH—WORRIED. PLEASE COME AT ONCE.
DR. PHOEBUS WEBER
DOCTOR PHOEBUS WEBER
DR. PHOEBUS WEBER, EH — QUEER NAME!
QUEER NEIGHBORHOOD, TOO, IF YOU'D ASK ME, CHUM!
SO YOU'RE DAN DARE? I'M DR. WEBER— YOU GOT HERE JUST IN TIME.
WHAT'S UP, DOC?

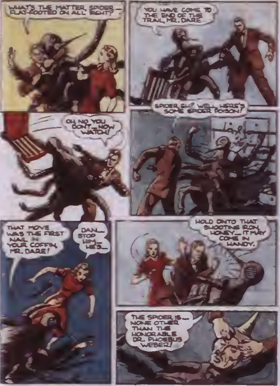

FOR DAYS A MYSTERIOUS FIEND, THE SPIDER, HAS BEEN HAUNTING ME. NOW HE THREATENS DEATH IN AN HOUR _AT MIDNIGHT!
DOC_THEY WANTCHA IN THE LAB
VERY WELL, TONY. EXCUSE ME, MR. DARE.
THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON HERE. LET'S HAVE A LOOK AROUND.
YOU'VE BEEN READING TOO MANY HORROR STORIES, HAWKSHAW
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT DAN_ THIS JOINT'S AS SPOOKY AS A CHINESE TORTURE HOTEL.
WOW! WHAT'S THAT?
BOTH OF YOU MEDDLERS DIE WITH WEBER AT MIDNIGHT!

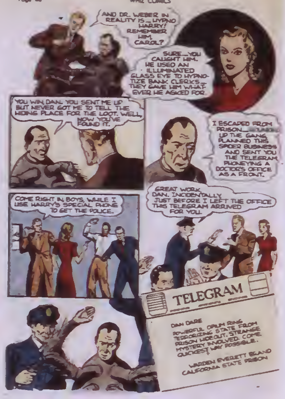

GOOD THING DOC WEBER COLLECTS ARMOR— IT'LL COME IN HANDY.
ALL RIGHT MR. SPIDER— YOU ASKED FOR IT!
WONDER WHAT'S UNDER THIS FANCY WRAPPING?
HEY— WHA—?!!
HANG ON, SWEETIE! I'LL FIX THEIR WAGON WHEN WE GET TO THE ATTIC
THANKS FOR THE RIDE BOYS— CAN WE DROP YOU OFF?
WONDER WHERE DOC WEBER WENT?
THEIR HAZARDOUS TOUR OF THE HOUSE TAKES DAN AND CAROL TO A MYSTERIOUS STAIRWAY....

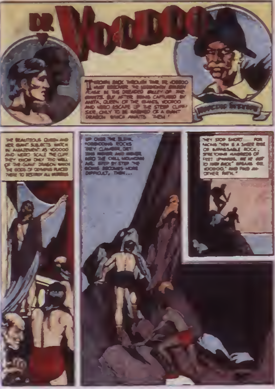

I'M MORE INTERESTED IN KNOWING WHO THAT SPIDER IS, HANDSOME.
REMEMBER, BOYS, NO ROUGH STUFF.
WHY, IT'S A BLIND ALLEY!
THAT'S RIGHT LADY... THERE'S NO EXIT.
OH, OH — NOW WHAT, DANIEL OLD BOY?
SOON YOU WILL BE IN MY POWER — READY TO OBEY ME.
A STRANGE, HYPNOTIC RAY SHINES FROM THE SPIDER'S EYE....
THAT BAR ON THE CEILING... I WONDER —
REMAIN CALM, AND STILL WHILE I —

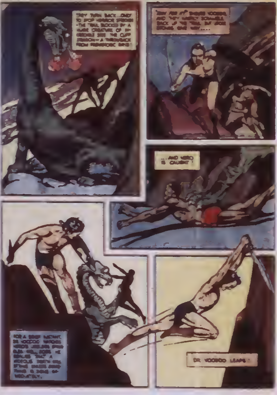

...PLUNGE MY POISON FEELER INTO YOUR CHEST!
IT'S NOW OR NEVER!
MADE IT!
GUESS YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TO THE CIRCUS LATELY, SPIDER.
COME ON, SUGAR PIE— NOW'S OUR CHANCE!
GHEE, BOSS, IF YOU'D ONLY LET ME PLUG 'EM SOONER—
SHUT UP, STUPID!
IT'S DOWN THE HATCH, HONEY— THOSE SLUGS ARE TOO CLOSE.

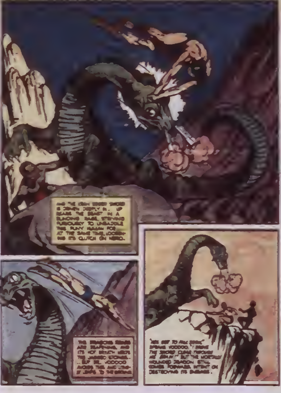

YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING, SHERLOCK.
WHAT TH—? LOOKS LIKE A BANK VAULT!
WONDER WHAT'S INSIDE? THERE—NOW IT'S OPENING!
WHAT A HALL— SOMEBODY MUST HAVE STOLEN A BANK!
SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS GO OUT AND A SINGLE SINISTER BEAM PLAYS ABOUT THE VAULT....
DAN DARE— YOU ARE DOOMED!
THE TIME HAS COME, DAN DARE— YOU DIE!
I FOUND THAT LIGHT SWITCH JUST IN TIME!
EEEE-YOWW!

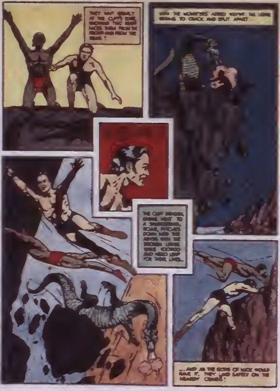

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SPIDER— FLAT-FOOTED ON ALL EIGHT?
YOU HAVE COME TO THE END OF THE TRAIL, MR. DARE
OH NO YOU DON'T—NOW WATCH!
SPIDER, EH? WELL, HERE'S SOME SPIDER POISON!
THAT MOVE WAS THE FIRST NAIL IN YOUR COFFIN, MR. DARE!
DAN— STOP HIM— HE'S—
HOLD ONTO THAT SHOOTING IRON, HONEY— IT MAY COME IN HANDY.
THE SPIDER IS— NONE OTHER THAN THE HONORABLE DR. PHOEBUS WEBER!

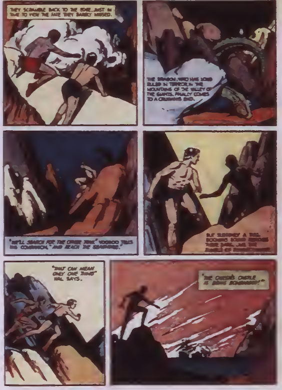

AND DR. WEBER IN REALITY IS—HYPNO HARRY! REMEMBER HIM, CAROL?
SURE—YOU CAUGHT HIM. HE USED AN ILLUMINATED GLASS EYE TO HYPNOTIZE BANK CLERKS—THEY GAVE HIM WHATEVER HE ASKED FOR
YOU WIN, DAN. YOU SENT ME UP BUT NEVER GOT ME TO TELL THE HIDING PLACE FOR THE LOOT. WELL, NOW YOU'VE FOUND IT.
I ESCAPED FROM PRISON—ROUNDED UP THE GANG, PLANNED THIS SPIDER BUSINESS AND SENT YOU THE TELEGRAM, PHONEYING A DOCTOR'S OFFICE AS A FRONT.
COME RIGHT IN BOYS, WHILE I USE HARRY'S SPECIAL PHONE TO GET THE POLICE.
GREAT WORK, DAN. INCIDENTALLY, JUST BEFORE I LEFT THE OFFICE THIS TELEGRAM ARRIVED FOR YOU.
TELEGRAM
DAN DARE
POWERFUL OPIUM RING TERRORIZING STATE FROM PRISON HIDEOUT. STRANGE MYSTERY INVOLVED. COME QUICKEST WAY POSSIBLE.
WARDEN EVERETT BLAND
CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON

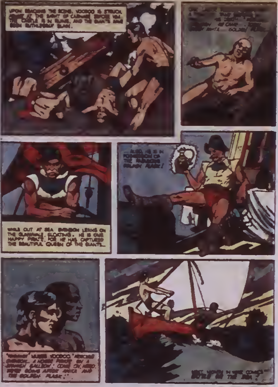

DR. VOODOO
THROWN BACK THROUGH TIME, DR. VOODOO MUST RECOVER THE LEGENDARY GOLDEN FLEECE IN THE DREADED VALLEY OF THE GIANTS. BUT AFTER BEING CAPTURED BY ANITA, QUEEN OF THE GIANTS, VOODOO AND HERO ESCAPE UP THE STEEP CLIFF-SIDE, ONLY TO BE WARNED OF A GIANT DRAGON WHICH AWAITS THEM!
THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN AND HER GIANT SUBJECTS WATCH IN AMAZEMENT AS VOODOO AND HERO SCALE THE CLIFF. THEY KNOW ONLY TOO WELL OF THE GIANT DRAGON WHICH THE GODS OF OLYMPUS PLACED THERE TO DESTROY ALL INTRUDERS
UP OVER THE BLEAK, FOREBODING ROCKS THEY CLAMBER, GETTING HIGHER AND HIGHER INTO THE CHILL MOUNTAIN AIR. STEP BY STEP THE GOING BECOMES MORE DIFFICULT, THEN...
THEY STOP SHORT . . . FOR FACING THEM IS A SHEER RISE OF IMPASSABLE ROCK, STRETCHING HUNDREDS OF FEET UPWARD. "WE'VE GOT TO TURN BACK," SPEAKS DR. VOODOO, "AND FIND ANOTHER PATH."

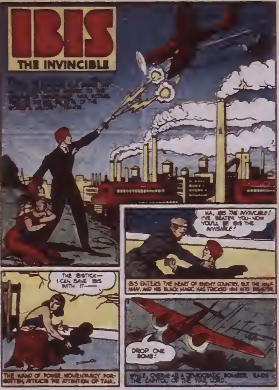

THEY TURN BACK...ONLY TO STOP HORROR STRICKEN —THE TRAIL BLOCKED BY A HUGE CREATURE OF INCREDIBLE SIZE THE CLIFF DRAGON— A THROWBACK FROM PREHISTORIC DAYS!
"RUN FOR IT!" SHOUTS VOODOO AND THEY HASTILY SCRAMBLE BACK UP THE TRAIL BUT STONES GIVE WAY....
...AND NERO IS CAUGHT!
FOR A BRIEF INSTANT, DR. VOODOO WATCHES NERO'S [illegible] HE REALIZES THAT A [illegible] DEATH [illegible] UNLESS HE ACTS IMMEDIATELY.
DR. VOODOO LEAPS!

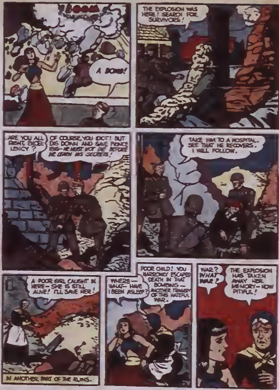

AND THE [illegible] SWORD IS DRAWN DEEPLY IN. UP REARS THE BEAST IN A BLINDING RAGE, STRIVING FURIOUSLY TO UNSADDLE THIS PUNY HUMAN FOE AT THE SAME TIME LOOSENING ITS CLUTCH ON [illegible].
THE DRAGON'S SCALES ARE [illegible], AND IT'S NOT MUCH HURT BY THE JAGGED STONES. ..BUT DR. VOODOO [illegible] TO THE GROUND.
"[illegible] OFF TO ALL [illegible]," SPEAKS VOODOO. "I DRIVE THE SWORD CLEAR THROUGH HIS BRAIN!" BUT THE MORTALLY WOUNDED DRAGON STILL COMES FORWARD, INTENT ON DESTROYING ITS ENEMIES.

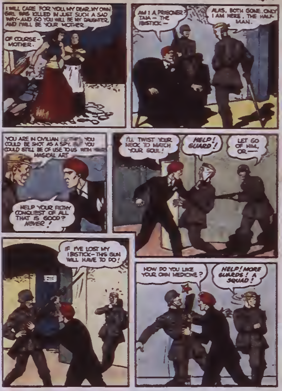

THEY WAIT GRIMLY AT THE CLIFF'S EDGE, KNOWING THAT DEATH FACES THEM FROM THE FRONT—AND FROM THE REAR!
WITH THE MONSTER'S ADDED WEIGHT, THE LEDGE BEGINS TO CRACK AND SPLIT APART
THE CLIFF DWELLER, GIVING VENT TO A THUNDERING ROAR, PITCHES DOWN INTO THE ABYSS WITH THE BROKEN LEDGE WHILE [illegible] AND [illegible] LEAP FOR THEIR LIVES.
...AND AS THE GODS OF LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, THEY LAND SAFELY ON THE NEARBY CRAGS!

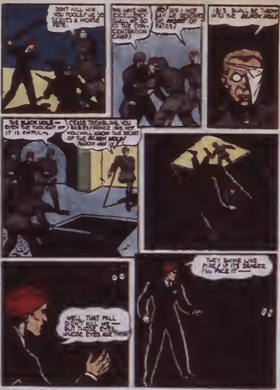

THEY SCRAMBLE BACK TO THE EDGE...JUST IN TIME TO VIEW THE FATE THEY BARELY MISSED.
THE DRAGON, WHO HAS LONG RULED IN TERROR IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS, FINALLY COMES TO A CRUSHING END.
"WE'LL SEARCH FOR THE OTHER TRAIL" VOODOO TELLS HIS COMPANION," AND REACH THE SEASHORE."
BUT SUDDENLY A DULL BOOMING SOUND REACHES THEIR EARS...AND THE RUMBLE OF BOMBARDMENT
"THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING" VAL SAYS.
"THE CHIEF'S CASTLE IS BEING BOMBARDED!"

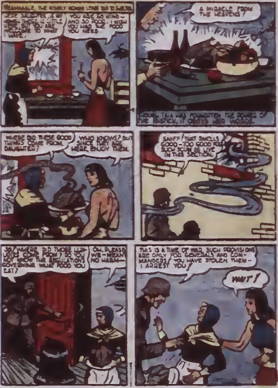

UPON REACHING THE SCENE, VOODOO IS STRUCK [illegible] AT THE SIGHT OF CARNAGE BEFORE HIM. THE CASTLE IS IN RUINS, AND THE GIANTS HAVE BEEN RUTHLESSLY SLAIN.
ONE [illegible] THAT [illegible] HIS DEATH [illegible] HE CAME [illegible] ANITA [illegible] GOLDEN [illegible]
WHILE OUT AT SEA, SWENSON LEANS ON THE GUNWALE, GLOATING. HE IS ONE HAPPY PIRATE, FOR HE HAS CAPTURED THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN OF THE GIANTS...
ALSO, HE IS IN POSSESSION OF THE FABULOUS GOLDEN FLASK!
"HMMMM!" MUSES VOODOO. "SWENSON... A LOWLY PIRATE ON A SPANISH GALLEON! COME ON, MIKO. WE'RE GOING AFTER ANITA AND THE GOLDEN FLASK!"
NEXT MONTH IN WHIZ COMICS — BATTLE ON THE SEA!

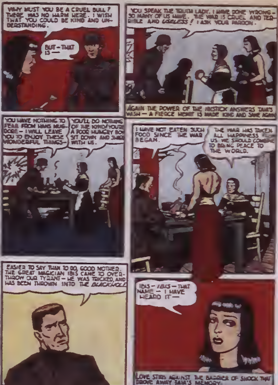

IBIS
THE INVINCIBLE
HA, IBIS THE INVINCIBLE! I'VE BEATEN YOU—NOW YOU'LL BE IBIS THE INVISIBLE!
IBIS ENTERS THE HEART OF ENEMY COUNTRY, BUT THE [illegible] MAN, AND HIS BLACK MAGIC HAS TRICKED HIM INTO DISASTER.
2
THE IBISTICK— I CAN SAVE IBIS WITH IT——
THE WAND OF POWER, MOMENTARILY FORGOTTEN, ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF TAIA.
1
DROP ONE BOMB!
WHILE, OVERHEAD A DEMOCRATIC BOMBER RAIDS THE CAPITOL OF THE WAR LORD.

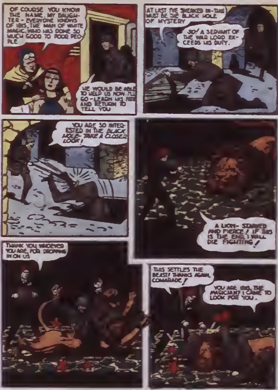

BOOM
A BOMB!
THE EXPLOSION WAS HERE! SEARCH FOR SURVIVORS!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, EXCELLENCY?
OF COURSE, YOU IDIOT! BUT DIG DOWN AND SAVE PRINCE IBIS—HE MUST NOT DIE BEFORE WE LEARN HIS SECRETS!
TAKE HIM TO A HOSPITAL. SEE THAT HE RECOVERS. I WILL FOLLOW.
A POOR GIRL CAUGHT IN HERE—SHE IS STILL ALIVE! I'LL SAVE HER!
IN ANOTHER PART OF THE RUINS.
WHERE—WHAT—HAVE I BEEN ASLEEP?
POOR CHILD! YOU NARROWLY ESCAPED DEATH IN THAT BOMBING—ANOTHER TRAGEDY OF THIS HATEFUL WAR.
WAR? WHAT WAR?
THE EXPLOSION HAS TAKEN AWAY HER MEMORY—HOW PITIFUL!

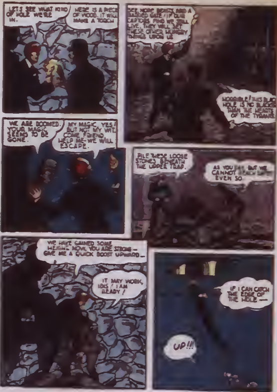

I WILL CARE FOR YOU, MY DEAR. MY OWN GIRL WAS KILLED IN JUST SUCH A SAD WAY—AND SO YOU WILL BE MY DAUGHTER AND I WILL BE YOUR MOTHER
OF COURSE— MOTHER.
AM I A PRISONER? TAIA — THE IBISTICK —
ALAS, BOTH GONE. ONLY I AM HERE, THE HALF-MAN.
YOU ARE IN CIVILIAN [illegible] YOU COULD BE SHOT AS A SPY. [illegible] YOU COULD STILL BE OF USE TO US WITH [illegible] MAGICAL ART
HELP YOUR FILTHY CONQUEST OF ALL THAT IS GOOD? NEVER!
I'LL TWIST YOUR NECK TO MATCH YOUR SOUL!
HELP! GUARD!
LET GO OF HIM, OR—
IF I'VE LOST MY IBISTICK—THIS GUN WILL HAVE TO DO!
HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR OWN MEDICINE?
HELP! MORE GUARDS! A SQUAD!

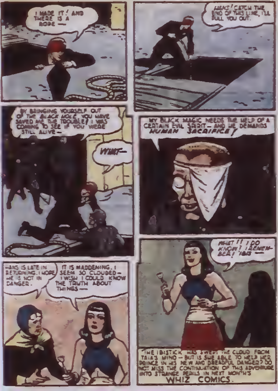

DON'T KILL HIM, YOU FOOLS! HE DESERVES A WORSE FATE.
WE HAVE HIM EXCELLENCY SHALL HE GO TO THE CONCENTRATION CAMP?
NO! DID I NOT SAY HE DESERVES THE WORST OF FATES?
IBIS SHALL BE THROWN INTO THE BLACK HOLE!
THE BLACK HOLE — EVEN THE THOUGHT OF IT IS AWFUL —
CEASE TREMBLING, YOU BABIES! PRINCE IBIS NOW YOU WILL KNOW THE SECRET OF THE BLACK HOLE! THROW HIM IN!
WELL, THAT FALL DIDN'T KILL ME — BUT THOSE EYES, WHOSE EYES ARE THESE?
THEY SHINE LIKE FIRE! IF ITS DANGER I'LL FACE IT —


MEANWHILE, THE KINDLY WOMAN LEADS TALIA TO SHELTER.
HERE, DAUGHTER, IS MY HOME. THERE IS LITTLE FOOD, BUT YOU ARE WELCOME TO WHAT I HAVE.
YOU ARE SO KIND— AND SO POOR. I WISH YOU HAD THE FOOD YOU NEED.
A MIRACLE FROM THE HEAVENS!
[illegible] TALIA HAS FORGOTTEN THE POWER OF THE LIPSTICK, IT OBEYS HER WORDS.
WHERE DID THESE GOOD THINGS COME FROM, DAUGHTER?
WHO KNOWS? BUT SINCE THEY ARE HERE, ENJOY THEM.
SNIFF! THAT SMELLS GOOD—TOO GOOD FOR SUCH SCUM AS LIVE IN THIS SECTION.
SO! WHERE DID THOSE LUXURIES COME FROM? DO YOU NOT KNOW THE REGULATIONS GOVERNING WHAT FOOD YOU EAT?
OH, PLEASE WE—MEAN NO HARM—
THIS IS A TIME OF WAR. SUCH PROVISIONS ARE ONLY FOR GENERALS AND COMMANDERS! YOU HAVE STOLEN THEM— I ARREST YOU!
WAIT!


WHY MUST YOU BE A CRUEL BULL? THERE WAS NO HARM HERE. I WISH THAT YOU COULD BE KIND AND UNDERSTANDING.
BUT—THAT IS—
YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH LADY. I HAVE DONE WRONG—SO MANY OF US HAVE. THE WAR IS CRUEL AND TERRIBLE AND *USELESS*! I ASK YOUR PARDON.
AGAIN THE POWER OF THE IBISTICK ANSWERS TAIA'S WISH — A FIERCE HEINIE IS MADE KIND AND SANE AGAIN
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM HANS MUGDORE— I WILL LEAVE YOU TO ENJOY THESE WONDERFUL THINGS—
YOU'LL DO NOTHING OF THE KIND! YOU'RE A POOR HUNGRY BOY SIT DOWN AND SHARE WITH US.
I HAVE NOT EATEN SUCH FOOD SINCE THE WAR BEGAN.
THE WAR HAS TAKEN ALL HAPPINESS FROM US. WE SHOULD COMBINE TO BRING PEACE TO THE WORLD.
EASIER TO SAY THAN TO DO, GOOD MOTHER. THE GREAT MAGICIAN IBIS CAME TO OVERTHROW OUR TYRANT— HE WAS TRICKED, AND HAS BEEN THROWN INTO THE *BLACKHOLE*
IBIS—*IBIS*—THAT NAME— I HAVE HEARD IT—
LOVE STIRS AGAINST THE BARRIER OF SHOCK THAT DROVE AWAY TAIA'S MEMORY.

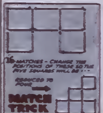

OF COURSE YOU KNOW THE NAME, MY DAUGHTER - EVERYONE KNOWS OF IBIS, THE MAN OF WHITE MAGIC, WHO HAS DONE SO MUCH GOOD TO POOR PEOPLE
HE WOULD BE ABLE TO HELP US NOW I'LL GO - LEARN HIS FATE AND RETURN TO TELL YOU
AT LAST I'VE SNEAKED IN - THIS MUST BE THE BLACK HOLE OF MYSTERY
SO! A SERVANT OF THE WAR LORD EXCEEDS HIS DUTY.
YOU ARE SO INTERESTED IN THE *BLACK HOLE* - TAKE A CLOSER LOOK!
A LION - STARVED AND FIERCE! IF THIS IS THE END, I WILL DIE FIGHTING!
THANK YOU WHOEVER YOU ARE, FOR DROPPING IN ON US
THIS SETTLES THE BEAST! THANKS AGAIN, COMARADE!
YOU ARE IBIS, THE MAGICIAN? I CAME TO LOOK FOR YOU.


LET'S SEE WHAT KIND OF HOLE WE'RE IN.
HERE IS A PIECE OF WOOD. IT WILL MAKE A TORCH
SEE MORE BONES AND A BARRED GATE! IF OUR CAPTORS FIND WE STILL LIVE, THEY WILL SET THESE OTHER HUNGRY THINGS UPON US
HORRIBLE! THIS BLACK HOLE IS NO BLACKER THAN THE HEARTS OF THE TYRANTS
WE ARE DOOMED. YOUR MAGIC SEEMS TO BE GONE.
MY MAGIC, YES! BUT NOT MY WIT. COME FRIEND, HELP ME-WE WILL ESCAPE.
PILE THESE LOOSE STONES BENEATH THE UPPER TRAP.
AS YOU SAY, BUT WE CANNOT REACH UP EVEN SO
WE HAVE GAINED SOME HEIGHT. NOW, YOU ARE STRONG - GIVE ME A QUICK BOOST UPWARD _
IT MAY WORK, IBIS! I AM READY!
IF I CAN CATCH THE EDGE OF THE HOLE —
UP!!!


I MADE IT! AND THERE IS A ROPE —
HANS! CATCH THE END OF THIS LINE, I'LL PULL YOU OUT.
BY BRINGING YOURSELF OUT OF THE BLACK HOLE YOU HAVE SAVED ME THE TROUBLE! I WAS COMING TO SEE IF YOU WERE STILL ALIVE—
WHAT—
MY BLACK MAGIC NEEDS THE HELP OF A CERTAIN EVIL SPIRIT— AND HE DEMANDS HUMAN SACRIFICE!
HANS IS LATE IN RETURNING. I HOPE HE IS NOT IN DANGER.
IT IS MADDENING. I SEEM SO CLOUDED— I WISH I COULD KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT THINGS —
WHAT!! I DO KNOW! I REMEMBER! IBIS —
THE IBISTICK HAS SWEPT THE CLOUD FROM TAIA'S MIND — BUT IS SHE ABLE TO HELP HER PRINCE IN HIS NEW AND DREADFUL DANGER? DO NOT MISS THE CONTINUATION OF THIS ADVENTURE INTO STRANGE PERILS IN NEXT MONTH'S WHIZ COMICS.

WHIZ MAGIC

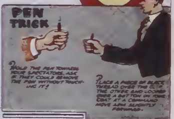
BY



MATCH TRICK

16 MATCHES - CHANGE THE POSITIONS OF THESE SO THE FIVE SQUARES WILL BE ...

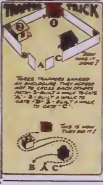
REDUCED TO FOUR



PEN TRICK

HOLD THE PEN TOWARDS YOUR SPECTATORS. ASK IF THEY COULD REMOVE THE PEN WITHOUT TOUCHING IT!

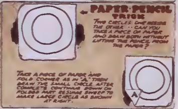
PLACE A PIECE OF BLACK THREAD OVER THE CLIP THE OTHER END LOOPED OVER A BUTTON ON YOUR COAT AT A COMMAND MOVE ARM SLIGHTLY FORWARD.



TRAPPER TRICK

THREE TRAPPERS SHARED AN ENCLOSURE. THEY AGREED NOT TO CROSS EACH OTHERS PATH. 2 - BUILT A WALK TO GATE "A" - 3 - BUILT A WALK TO GATE "B" 1 - BUILT A WALK TO GATE "C".

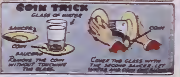
THIS IS HOW THEY DID IT!



PAPER-PENCIL TRICK

TWO CIRCLES ONE INSIDE THE OTHER .. CAN YOU TAKE A PIECE OF PAPER AND DRAW BOTH WITHOUT LIFTING THE PENCIL FROM THE PAPER?

TAKE A PIECE OF PAPER AND FOLD CORNER AS IN "A" THEN DRAW THE SMALL CIRCLE AFTER COMPLETE CONTINUE DOWN ON FOLDED PART RESUME SWEEP TO MAKE LARGE CIRCLE AS SHOWN AT RIGHT.



COIN TRICK

REMOVE THE COIN WITHOUT TOUCHING THE GLASS.

COVER THE GLASS WITH THE SECOND SAUCER. LET WATER AND COIN OUT SLOWLY

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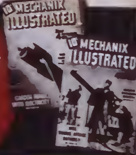

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